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*Palmer's Glyptography.*

## Original Communications.

### THE RED HOUSE AT BATTERSEA.

AMONG the numerous houses of public resort on the fair margin of "the river of Thames," few have been more largely patronized, or are more generally known to all classes, than the Red House at Battersea.

During the summer months, thousands repair thither to enjoy the delights of a short water excursion, and the smiling landscape by which it is surrounded. Less picturesque than many spots in the environs of London, the eye has a vast range over the open fields which spread far and wide around it. It is rather a peculiar bit of Thames scenery. Hone says of the spot immediately adjacent, "From Weir-otter's etchings and other prints, I have always fancied it resembled a view in the low countries: it is an old windmill near the Red House, with some low buildings

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among willows on the banks of the Thames, thrown up to keep the river from overflowing a marshy flat."

It is now as formerly, according to Herrick,—

"When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorn,  
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,  
Bedewed with tears, are worn;"

here the Damons and Daphnes of the age might obtain an ample supply of that "to lost love the only true plant." To tell the truth, however, it is not sighing disconsolate swains, and deserted maidens, who most assemble at the Red House. Jocund mirth and the laughing loves, exulting in the gay season of the year, annually crowd its doors and people its hours. The mass of its visitors may be called happy revellers; and they are numerous. Its fair little neighbour, the White House, on the opposite shore, though it may seduce some of its holiday customers, leaves the aristocratical patrons of the old establishment untouched. These go there not only

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for the good cheer which a tavern affords, but for the amusement of pigeon shooting, which is kept up through the season with great spirit; and indeed it may be said through the year, for even dreary December cannot deter the keen sportsman from the treat here to be enjoyed; and, consequently, when other waterside houses may close their doors, the Red House has still sufficient attraction to present an animated spectacle, even though hoar frosts and short days unite to oppose.

The Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Chesterfield, and many other noble names, may be mentioned among the patrons of this establishment. Parties meet to breakfast at the tavern, and then repair to the adjoining grounds to the work of slaughter. Many of the matches display the perfection of skill. To estimate the number of feathered victims which fall in every year would be a task of some difficulty. Not unfrequently from twenty to thirty dozen are killed in a single day. When loosed from the trap seldom can the bird escape. Should the practised marksman for whom he has been enthralled, miss his aim, and the feathered fugitive clear the garden, the outscouts who linger beyond its limits often bring him down. These are a marauding crew who have frequently done great mischief in the neighbourhood, in consequence of which a sort of proclamation is frequently issued by the Red House authorities, denouncing the said outscouts and all their works. In this, however, as in many other instances, the evil-doers seem still to prevail.

The manor of Battersea before the conquest belonged to Earl Harold. By William it was given to Westminster Abbey in exchange for Windsor. The monuments of the St John family, including one to the memory of the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, are found in this parish. Among the men of note who lived at Battersea, in former days, Archbishop Holgate may be mentioned, who was committed to the Tower by Queen Mary in 1553. He seems to have amassed a great many valuables, for the officers took from his house at Battersea 300*l.* of gold coin, 1,600 ounces of plate, a mitre of fine gold, with two pendants in like manner weighing 125 ounces, some very valuable rings, a serpent's tongue set in a standard of silver, gilt and graven, the Archbishop's seal in silver, and his signet, an antique, in gold.

*Jean Baptiste Wicar.*—The Royal Society of Lisle has offered a gold medal, of the value of three hundred francs, to the author of the best essay on the life and works of Jean Baptiste Wicar, the painter, a native of that city. The essays to be sent to the president of the society on or before the 15th of June next.

## MR SNEEZE AND HIS DRAMA.

(By the Author of "George Godfrey.")

### CHAPTER I.

*Resolution to Reform the Stage—Difficulties and Delays—Perseverance at length triumphs and the Play of Mr Sneeze is in a fair way of being performed.*

THE extraordinary manner in which writers for the stage have degenerated in modern times, had long been with me the subject of grave reflection and sharp animadversion, when a happy thought (so I considered it) struck me, that I might prove to the world, in my own person, that dramatic talent had not absolutely fled the land. On this bright idea I acted with such energy that in less than seven weeks I produced a play, in two acts, which I read to my friends with good applause. My wife approved of it. She has naturally a fine taste; but, besides that, I have since learned she thought it would be a feather in her cap if I succeeded, and she became "Mrs Sneeze, the lady of the celebrated dramatist."

I read it again and again, and besides my wife, my aunt, my daughters, and indeed all our domestic circle, were exceedingly amused. It is hardly worth mentioning, but there was one exception. My youngest son, an urchin thirteen years old, though generally considered a sharp little fellow, looked as grave as if he had been listening to a sermon, and one day fell asleep while the reading was going on. This, however, was soon corrected, and a good, sound horsewhipping made him laugh as long and as loud as any of the family.

The next thing was to get it acted, and I immediately thought of my friend Thunder, of the Theatre Royal, a gentleman who occasionally gives us his company to dinner, and seldom forgets to favour us with a morning call or two, when the benefits come round, as he and thirteen other eminent comedians take a night among them in the course of the season, and on one of these occasions, about six years ago, I remember he was so fortunate (the circumstance created a great sensation at the time) as to gain by the performance nearly five pounds clear! He happened to drop in very opportunely, at the period to which I refer, to know if I could discount a little bill. From the very great regard I have for the man I consented to do it, though, but for the design I had on the stage, I would first have seen him and his bill to Jericho.

He read my drama with a degree of attention that was highly flattering, and seriously, and I believe sincerely, declared it to be "a production that no one could undervalue," and he had no doubt that "the manager would think as highly of it as he did." I always regarded him as clever,

but never discovered that there was so much in him as I had reason to feel assured there was that day after dinner—so much sound judgment, I mean.

At my request he undertook to deliver it to the manager with his own hands. This I held to be a point gained of considerable importance, because I had heard that many pieces sent to the theatre were returned to the author unread. Certain parties about the house, it had been insinuated, caused them to be coldly received, as, if wit and genius should obtain promotion, the dull nonsense, in the supplying of which they enjoyed a monopoly, would soon be exploded. My happy stars having, through the medium of Thunder, conducted me safely over this shoal, on which others had been wrecked, the prospect for me was remarkably bright. I had no doubt the manager, for his own sake, on perusing it, would be happy to secure a performance of real merit, and bring it forward without delay.

I did not immediately hear from the theatre. The preparations for the new grand opera, Mr Thunder informed me, might account for it. Others for the grand pantomime followed, as did those necessary for the forthcoming tragedy, the new comedy, the new melo-drama, and a dozen other new things, till my patience began to fray a little, and, in fact, became rather threadbare. I wrote several notes, to which I obtained no answer. At last I determined on taking a very strong step, nothing less than intimating, by letter, a disposition on my part to withdraw the drama altogether from that house, and hinting that "I would send it to the other, where the manager and actors were very anxious to represent it."

The threat so conveyed was rather imaginative. It was not true that manager or actor in the quarter indicated knew or cared anything about me or my play. What I had written was only intended to frighten the manager to whom it had been forwarded. When I mentioned to Mr Thunder that such was the fact, he said "He thought I was quite right, and if the menace I had hazarded did not make a stir in the theatre, he did not think anything that I could write would."

My mind was now more at ease. It stood to reason that the manager would feel it necessary to have my play acted without delay. Having kept it so long, I took it for granted that he could not think of sending it back. At the end of another month, however, back it came, with a note, stating that it had been read with great attention, that the management was vastly obliged to me for sending it to them, a compliment which they now returned (by sending it to me), not thinking the piece likely to benefit the theatre.

Reflecting that, if the managers were fools at one house, it might not be the same at the other—to the other I sent my play. There the former course was repeated. It remained till I was out of humour, and then, after sundry applications and descriptions of the article inquired for, I had the happiness again to see the offspring of my brain return with a very polite note.

About this time Mr Rattleton, the mimic, applied to me, through a friend, to do something comic, as he had heard of my talents. What he immediately wanted was a little sketch, in which the "pult" would be upon him; in fact, in which one character was to say all that was worth hearing. For the sake of eventually introducing my first piece, I went to work and wrote a second. Rattleton liked it amazingly. He laughed and pronounced it to be "very funny," but it wanted a little alteration, which he would suggest in the course of the following week, and which I could manage without the least difficulty, on the objectionable passages being pointed out. The friendly offer was repeated once a fortnight till the end of the season, and then, of course, the matter was obliged to stand over.

One circumstance, however, grew out of my introduction to Mr Rattleton, which I thought rather fortunate. Through him I made the acquaintance of Messrs Grunt and Sinister, the lessee and manager of a minor theatre; and though their concern was not of the same magnitude as those superb temples of the Muses to which I had lately aspired, for a drama which had nothing of spectacle in it, but of which it was necessary the audience should hear every word to appreciate the wit, humour, and sentiment, their stage was the very thing.

I will not deny that I deemed it necessary to explain to my friends why I condescended to let my drama appear at a minor theatre; but when I reflected what consequential airs certain parties gave themselves at the great houses, I felt that I acted a prudent part in coming to the resolution I had adopted in favour of the establishment I decided to patronize. But here I was sadly out. The negligence and delay which had outraged me elsewhere I found at least as flourishing at the smaller establishment, which I had fondly hoped, flattered by the offer of the first fruits of such a dramatist as I intended to become, would lose no time in putting their best foot forward to improve on what must be regarded for them as a most auspicious incident. The season, however, passed away and nothing was done, and the second season was far advanced, and still things remained *in statu quo*. I began to lose all patience, and wrote in rather a prepotent tone. A

very civil answer was returned, in which the manager informed me that the piece about which I was so anxious had unfortunately been lost.

Soothing as this communication was meant to be, it nettled me not a little. I consulted my friends, Thunder and Rattle-ton, on the course which it would be proper to pursue. I even talked of legal steps, and complained to the gentlemen I have named, that the managers had made a fool of me. They severally shook their heads, owned the case was excessively annoying, but politely added, exchanging most significant glances (leers, my wife says would be the proper word), that "to make a fool of me was not in the power of any manager breathing."

Their favourable opinion, rendered perhaps somewhat too partial by friendship, though it reconciled me to myself, caused me to feel most impatient of the treatment I had received. I prepared a very sharp letter, and, just as it was completed, it so chanced that the late Mr Bounce, for many years editor of the 'Weekly Stiletto,' happening to look in, I showed it to him. He approved of it much, and offered to enclose it to Sinister, the comedian and stage manager, to whom he was writing, in answer to a note from that gentleman, in which he gracefully directed attention to the astonishing effects produced by himself and his daughter in a new piece, which had failed through the indifferent acting of his friend the lessee, Mr Grunt. I could desire nothing better than the opportunity of sending my play through one for whom Sinister felt such fervent regard as I had seen he expressed for Mr Bounce; notwithstanding which the latter cautioned me against expecting much good from it, as he knew from experience (so he said), "that theatrical managers were, one and all, the greatest hypocrites, fools, and humbugs in existence."

Through the kindness of Bounce a favourable change was soon brought about. My farce was found, and read by Mr Sinister. That gentleman pronounced it to be "very funny," as my friend had previously done, and a civil message announced that he wished to see me on the subject.

An appointment having been made for the following Thursday, I went to the theatre. Having only been accustomed to consider a play-house such as I had seen it, brilliantly illuminated, and for the most part peopled by well-dressed, laughing persons, I was rather startled on passing the stage door to mark the grim visages of the squalid and poverty-stricken banditti lounging in the passages. These I learned were supernumeraries, or "live lumber," who, being paid the high salary

of one shilling per night for walking in processions, and for enacting warriors, robbers, courtiers, and senators, were expected by their considerate employers to be in attendance three-fourths of the day, in case they should be wanted at rehearsal.

Dirt and beggary on every side stared me in the face. Ventilation had been woefully neglected; I drew my breath with pain and apprehension, and suspected that I imbibed pestilence with each succeeding inspiration. Having passed through a series of gloomy passages, I arrived at the stage, which, as seen by the "dim, irreligious light" there found in the day time, looked to me twenty times as dreary as a gaol. I was introduced to Mr Grunt, the lessee, and to Mr Sinister, the stage manager, who, after exchanging with me preliminary greetings, informed me in few words that "they thought very highly of my play, though I must be aware that it required some alteration, which only a practical hand could supply, or at least persons who had made the stage their profession (they did not mean to insinuate that I could not do wonders if they told me how they were to be done), and proposed, if it would suit me, that I should return at that hour the next day, for the purpose of reading the drama to the actors, in the green-room.

I assented; and now considered affairs in a very promising train. My wife did not fail to remind me, more than once, that it was by her advice I had first turned my thoughts to the theatre; my daughter wished to know if I did not intend to give an additional party to commemorate the success of my piece, and I, in my own mind, thought it would not be wrong to do something of the kind, not in compliment to myself, for that would savour of personal vanity, but in honour of that regeneration of the drama which I fondly believed was at hand.

#### WOMAN SLAUGHTER.

From time to time painful discoveries are made of the miseries heaped upon the industrious poor. The cry of distress is loud; there is a want of employment, and how is this state of things met? Why, it has transpired that it is the custom to take shirts in to make at the parish workhouse, and the unfortunate paupers who are employed on them are paid at the rate of a farthing per shirt! It takes a day's hard work to make one. The operator, therefore, earns three halfpence per week, which she has the further indulgence of being permitted to expend on tea and sugar.

It is distressing to contemplate the dreadful toil thus exacted—the many hours of endurance which the pauper must know

to gain so trifling a comfort. But this is not the worst. What is to become of the unhappy sempstress who, animated by a decent pride, is virtuously striving to avoid claiming aid from the parish, if her employers can be thus accommodated by the guardians of the poor? The honest, well-disposed tradesman, who gives a liberal price to these who work for him, must be ruined if he continue to do so, for rivals who are patronized by the parish officers can always undersell him so enormously that it is impossible for him to retain his connexion in the face of such opposition. As a measure of self-defence he must beat down his workwomen. He cannot afford to pay them what they must receive to live, and what, then, must follow? The imagination shrinks from tracing the consequences of proceedings so iniquitous through all their disgusting and horrifying ramifications.

It was in St Pancras' workhouse that this system was found in operation. How many other parishes act on the same plan has not yet been ascertained. It is perfectly clear that nothing can tend more directly to people the workhouses or to increase the public nuisances in the streets. This is so obvious, and the evil must be so immediate, that it is difficult to believe a practice like that complained of could have grown up had not individual interest been largely gratified by its progress. The matter fairly traced, it will be found that within and without the walls, some sordid hearts have been rejoiced with unhallowed gains wrung from the pitiable sufferers who are among the objects of parochial charity. This ought not to continue; but such profits are the price of blood.

"You take my life  
When you do take the means by which I live;"

and what better than murder is it to wring such life-destroying exertions from one class of victims only that they may be made the instruments of reducing another to their own deplorable level, who, thus undermined, can by no possibility continue to maintain themselves. If the object is to reduce the female population of the country, it would be a charity to secure the sufferers the speedier and more tolerable death of hanging or drowning. From the frequency of suicide the monument gallery has been converted into a cage. The bridges must be secured in like manner, if this war against helpless female industry is to be mercilessly continued.

#### A LETTISH EPIGRAM.

With horse that's white, and wife that's fair,  
I'll not torment my life;  
To wash my horse I could not bear,  
Nor yet to watch my wife.

## ON METALLO-CHROMES AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. III.

(Continued from page 366.)

WE showed in our last the source whence all the constituents of oxide of zinc were derived, with the exception of the oxygen. Now, it will be remembered, that the great feature of the action we have been investigating—the great outward evidence, in fact, of the existence of some change, under such a combination of things, is the evolution or giving off of hydrogen gas. The quantitative effect produced is very remarkable; it would be found that the destruction of thirty-two grains of zinc would reduce the sum of the weights of all the materials employed by *one grain*; or, which amounts to the same thing, if means were taken to collect the liberalect hydrogen, it would be found to weigh exactly *one grain*. We have, therefore, to account for the origin of *eight* grains of oxygen on the one hand, and *one* grain of hydrogen on the other. But we know that if oxygen and hydrogen be mixed together in these proportions, and ignited, every trace of both gases disappears, and *nine* grains of water are produced. This production of water is the actual concomitant, not only of the oxygen-hydrogen light, when the balance of materials is accurately adjusted, but of every other species of flame. A jet of gas is really a stream of hydrogen issuing into an atmosphere of oxygen: a white heat is applied in order to produce incipient combination; and the heat of combination itself avails for continuing the action. The moisture often seen on shop-windows is the aqueous result of such combination. The illuminating properties of light depend on other causes, not connected with the present inquiry. But we shall see this more fully when we come to a more direct analysis of water; which can be readily accomplished by a due arrangement of the elements which as yet we have quoted in the simplest form only.

In all these changes, each of which occurs and is entirely accomplished on the instant that the platinum wire touches the zinc, nothing is lost; a *synthetical* action, the union of oxygen with zinc, co-exists with an *analytical* action, on a decomposition of water; the oxygen which is *lost* from the water is *gained* to the zinc; the hydrogen which is *lost* from the water is *gained* in the form of gas. We shall, by and by, show cases wherein the hydrogen also is made to combine with some other element, and no gas is given off.

We have written to very little purpose if many of our readers are not prepared to ask, why all this argument respecting amalgamated zinc and platinum wire, when

every action you have named occurs far more effectually with a piece of *common* zinc when immersed alone in acid water?

The word "common" resolves this question; the common zinc, or spelter of commerce, is an exceedingly impure metal; it abounds in metallic and other foreign matter, and is in reality a complete heterogeneous association of spots of zinc and spots of something else; and from the latter it is that the gas arises, precisely as it did from the platinum wire, in our more advantageous arrangement. The destruction of zinc by these promiscuous groupings is called by electricians "local action;" and is not merely a most destructive evil, but is a great source of interference wherever it is allowed to occur.

And now we are prepared to estimate the value of systematic arrangement. In both cases the same changes occur, but in the latter they are *localized*—the one action is made to develop itself on the surface of the zinc, and the other on the surface of the platinum.

But let us put the experiment into a better form. A long slip of zinc, and another of platinum, are partially immersed in a tumbler of acid water; the exposed ends are placed in contact, and the evolution of hydrogen immediately occurs. If, however, the ends, instead of being allowed to touch, be connected by means of a wire, the same effects ensue; and, not only so, but, if the wire be very fine, it is made *red hot*. The production of heat in the wire, which forms the essential connecting medium between the two plates, indicates the presence of a new force, co-existent with the chemical changes; and it is only because we have avoided the heterogeneous action which common zinc unassociated with another metal presents, that we have been able to eliminate this force.

From a long train of circumstances, the term "electricity" has been applied to the cause, whatever it is, which produces this heat; and the particular means, now before us, of developing the heat, is termed voltaic electricity; from a certain philosopher of Bologna, who was the first to discover the effects of such combinations.

We are in the habit of calling an elementary system, like that we have employed, a simple voltaic *pair*; it is, however, essentially triune; and the materials of which it is constituted must be of such a character as to be susceptible, when properly grouped, of certain chemical changes. Into all ordinary voltaic combinations the metal zinc largely enters; not on account of any inherent virtue possessed peculiarly by this metal, but on account of its cheapness, and its great affinity for oxygen. So again the platinum we have used is not exclusively the inactive metal; for, in many cases, we dispense with it, and use

other metals, or even carbon. It is valuable in electric combinations, from its want of affinity for oxygen. In our next we shall examine what occurs when a chemical compound, instead of a fine wire, is placed in the circuit.

(*To be continued.*)

#### HIGHFLYING ECONOMY.

THESE must be cheap times if half the advertisers in the public newspapers get what they want on their own terms. To be sure many of them, though they want board and lodging and attendance for less than people in their senses would be prepared to pay for rent, do not scruple to intimate that humble arrangements and a plain table will suffice, and some even offer to teach music, languages, or otherwise make themselves useful. Not so the dignified authoress of the magnificent announcement which follows, and which appeared in the 'Times' of the 16th instant:—

"A SUPERIOR AND PERMANENT HOME required for a lady. A *well-established* private family, who *see society*, where *no other boarder* is taken, and who have their *town residence* in the neighbourhood of the *squares or parks*, would be preferred. To ensure being where *lucres* is *not* the object, the lady wishes to be considered as one of the family, and will only give 4*l.* per month, including everything! Address, with full particulars, &c."

Really this is admirable in its way! The family must be "well established;" they must "see society;" "no other boarder" can be endured by this fine lady; "the town residence must be near the squares or parks;" and for the country residence, perhaps, she would make shift with Bath, St Leonard's, or Harrogate. Then, to ensure being where *lucres* is not the object, only 4*l.* per month (a calendar month, no doubt) will be given. The lady is so moderate that she does not mention what carriages are to be kept for her use, nor does she say a word about the servants in livery, which, as a matter of course, must be in attendance. She expects too little for her 48*l.* per annum. We almost wonder she did not intimate that Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace would not be objected to.

Nobody can deny that the advertiser has taken the most effectual method of guarding against being received where *lucres* is the object. Supposing the lady residing near the parks had a breakfast which cost but sixpence, a luncheon fourpence, a dinner one shilling, tea threepence, and a fourpenny plate of *alamode* beef, with beer, for her supper, the whole of her four pounds per month would be spent by her entertainer on her eating and drinking.



Truly the charms of her person and conversation ought to be something out of the ordinary way (her modesty evidently is) to induce a family with town and country residence, and seeing society, to receive on such terms an unknown female as one of the family!

## OMENS AND TOKENS OF DEATH.

### A TRUE NARRATIVE.

WE are about to give a singular statement of facts, not a little curious, which will probably be met with a smile of incredulity, but which can be proved by living persons. The real names of the parties will be mentioned, and references may be made to them for the truth of the representation.

In those waking visions which have been transmitted, of matters connected with the world unknown, the sublime and the ridiculous are oddly mingled. However proudly reason may treat with disdain the thousand and one narratives which every country offers of superhuman sights or doings, there remains in the minds of ordinary persons a disposition to believe, or at least to listen to, marvellous relations with grave attention. Faith in such matters, and in the return of the spirits of the departed, is not confined to the ignorant or the weak, the learned and the strong-minded are equally open, with their feeble neighbours, to the conviction, and, as the bravest man in battle may be the most alarmed by the dread of meeting with a ghost, so the sage of the strongest reason in most things may be the soonest inclined to attend to some awful report of a spectre's rising from the grave, or a token of death having announced that some doomed individual is about to sink into it.

The omen, of which we have to tell, is of a character distinct from any we remember to have heard. In Wales we know the inhabitants speak of seeing a corpse candle. It is represented that the apparition of an individual, bearing a lighted candle in his hand, is seen moving towards his burial place in the churchyard. If the person whose death is thus predicted be a man of family or fortune, the whole of the gloomy procession is shadowed out; the hearse, the spectral horses, and the mourning coaches, moving in silence and melancholy to the place appointed for all living. This appearance is supposed to be mainly confined to Pembrokeshire; but in other parts of the country the Welsh believe in the equally fearful visitation of the Hag of the Dribble, a dreaded being who derives her name from the alleged facts that on her awful journeys over the hills on her ill-boding errands, she is accustomed to carry her

apron filled with stones; and as often as her apron-string breaks, the stones fall in such a direction as to form a *dribble*. In Scotland the *Bodach glas* announces the termination of human life; in Ireland the *Death Fetch* and the *Banshee* have the same ominous power; and in England the harsh ticking of the death-watch, and the baying of the restless house-dog, point with equal certainty to the final scene.

Some of the Welsh tales of tokens seem well attested, and their object is described to have been clearly stated at the time. Many years ago, on a dark winter's evening, several persons returning to Barmouth, by the side of the river, as they drew near the Ferry house of Penthryn, which is directly opposite, observed a light, which they supposed to come from a bonfire. Why it should have been kindled was a question which puzzled the beholders not a little. As they advanced, it vanished, and, when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sands. On reaching Barmouth the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death token," and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time was drowned at high water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and so perished.

The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. All but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly to a little bay where some boats were moored, and hovered for a few seconds over one particular boat and then died away. Two or three days afterwards the man to whom that particular boat belonged was drowned in the river while sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat.

These statements are entitled to every credit. To account for the appearances which they detail we must leave to others.

Our own story is quite as remarkable. The scene of it is near home, and, whatever may be thought of it, persons of unquestionable respectability are ready to vouch for its truth.

Mr Ponting, a tailor, now residing in Bedfordbury, leading from New street to Chandos street, Covent garden, was, in the autumn of the year 1819, accompa-

nied by Mrs Ponting, at Turnham green, when they called on a friend of the name of Smith, who still resides there. They walked into the garden attached to the house, and their attention was fixed on an apple tree which carried a good show of fruit. Mrs Ponting was in a thriving way, and, from fatigue or some other cause, was induced to lean against the tree which she and her husband had been looking at. Whether she fell against it, or otherwise shook it with violence, we are not informed, but the tree was shaken, and all the fruit, with the exception of a single apple, was the next moment strewed on the ground. Though vexed at the accident, Mr and Mrs Ponting attached no vast importance to it, nor did their friends at the moment, but in the course of the day Mrs Smith took an opportunity of communicating with Mr Ponting on the subject.

The lady spoke to this effect—that she was much disturbed at what had happened, and it was her fear that the accident was nothing less than an omen of death. Her impression, which she could not get rid of, was that Mrs Ponting would not get well through her expected confinement. From one apple being left on the tree uninjured, she concluded that the child would live, but the mother she mournfully predicted would not recover.

A few months set the question at rest. Mrs Ponting gave birth to an infant and died; the child lived to grow up. But this is not all. Our informant goes on to add that the tree, though up to that period it had in most years brought a good crop, since the year 1819 has never in any season borne more than a single apple. The tree, which was named "Elizabeth," after the lady whose early departure it was supposed to shadow forth, is still standing, and may be seen by the curious.

On the facts the reader is left to make his own comments. They are singular, but we have no reason to doubt their truth. Of such matters the late Dr Southey says—"My serious belief amounts to this; that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes." In this case we are not informed of any important object supposed to be accomplished by means of the revelation or warning.

There are on record accounts of omens of a cheering character, which, though supernatural, have been hailed with joy. Mr Lewis Morris, a gentleman of high respectability and learning, and distinguished for his good sense and integrity, gave, in the last century, such an account of the *Knockers of mines* as would render their presence very desirable in any mining concern. His report, with which this article must conclude, was as follows:—"People," he says, "who know very little of the arts or sciences, or the powers of

nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners who maintain the existence of Knockers in mines; a kind of good-natured, palpable people, not to be seen but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine these little people worked hard there, day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people who have heard them; but after the discovery of the great mine they were heard no more. When I began to work at Lwyn Lwyd they worked so fresh there for a considerable time that they frightened away some young workmen. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore they then gave over and I heard no more of them. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, although we cannot, and do not, pretend to account for them. We have now (October, 1754) very good ore at Lwyn Lwyd, where the Knockers were heard to work; but they have now yielded up the place, and are heard no more. Let who will laugh; we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the Knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

### Reviews.

*The Hesperus.* G. Purkess.

The doubt we have expressed as to the juvenility of the writers engaged in this work is rather confirmed than otherwise by the present number. The 'Twiddle Club' still merits the praise we have already awarded it, and bids fair to become very popular; it exhibits keen perception of character, and is redolent with humour,—broad, yet refined, and is altogether free from those occasional errors, and lapses of genius, which nearly always attend immaturity of mind and inexperience. The poetry, though free from all impurities, breathes a warm and impassioned spirit, and is so distinct from the lachrymose sentiment, and worn-out rhymes, in which our writers are apt to embody their thoughts, and call them "poetry," that we hail the youthful author with pleasure. The author of 'Royalty of Purple and Vermilion' is full of *recherché* information, culled with infinite judgment, while the style in which it is woven together divests it entirely of that dryness usually inseparable from antiquarian essays. The object of improving youthful minds must not be forgotten; and we are glad to see by the number of correspondents, and the style of those contributions which are accepted, every appearance of the projectors attaining their purpose.

### A LETTISH PRECEPT.

YOUTHS and maidens ! hear my strain,  
Live with honour ever;  
Wealth when lost you may regain,  
But lost honour never.





*Arms.* Gu., three salmon, rampant, in pale, ar.

*Crest.* A cat, sejant, ppr., supporting in his dexter paw a flag-staff, thereon an union jack, also ppr.

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF KEANE.

GLORY in the tented field, in the case of this noble family, supplies the place of an ancient lineage.

John Keane, Esq., of the county of Waterford, son of Richard Keane, Esq., was created a baronet August 1, 1801. He married, first, in 1778, Sarah, daughter of John Kelly, Esq., of Belgrove, and had issue, three sons, Richard, John, and Henry. The first succeeded him in the barony; the second is the distinguished man whose valour and other eminent qualities have raised him to the peerage.

The baron (Sir John Keane, G.C.B.C.H.) of Ghuznee, in Afghanistan, and of Cap-pouquin, in the county of Waterford, was born in 1781. He married, in 1806, Grace, the second daughter of General John Smith, of the Royal Artillery. She died July 14, 1838, leaving four sons and two daughters, of whom the eldest, Edward Arthur Wellington, was born May 4, 1815.

His lordship married a second time, August 20, 1840, Charlotte Maria, daughter of Colonel Roland. His lordship being then a Lieut.-General in the Army, and Colonel of the 43rd regiment, gallantly distinguished himself as Commander-in-Chief in India in the memorable expedition to Afghanistan. For his services he was raised to the peerage 1839.

It need hardly be said that the glorious triumph, in a military point of view, achieved by Sir John Keane was nothing sullied by the deplorable catastrophe, involving the annihilation of a British army, which ensued when the troop he had led to victory were placed under the command of his incompetent successor. On that awful tragedy we need not dwell. It had been fearfully avenged, and we are well content to drop a veil over the melancholy reminiscences which it awakens.

### THE DEVIL AND THE CHURCHWARDEN.

(For the 'Mirror'.)

OLD Nick, for a favourite being in search,  
Went one day last week to a suburban church,

And sat in the parish nob's pew;  
He turned up his eyes with an air so benign,  
It speedily got him invited to dine  
At the table of Churchwarden Screw.

When dinner was over—I mean after grace—  
"Mr Screw, many settlers you send to my place,"

The Tempter thought proper to say;  
"You not merely drive the unhappy to crime,  
That hanging may take them away in quick time,

But starve them by hundreds a day."

"Whatever as yet I have done," Screw rejoined,

"My efforts will prove more efficient, you'll find,

To people your ancient abode;  
For what do you think, my good friend, I have done

To gain you fresh subjects? You'll laugh at the fun,

It beats even rack, scourge, or goad.

The grunting old fogies that come to the house,

Who scarcely get more than would nourish a mouse,

That feasting mayn't render them pert,  
I order up early, as soon as 'tis light,

To shirt making, force them till after dark night,

And pay them a farthing per shirt.

And while the low vagabonds labour and fret,  
I'm not such a fool, you may guess, to forget

To touch something good by the job;

For Slavedrive, who owns half a dozen large shops,

Sends hundreds of garments to make up as slops,

At from sixpence a piece to a bob.

Now, see how this works. The starved stitchers without

Have wondered for months what the trade was about,

Unable the cause to discern;

They found their employers all ready to shirk,  
And, week after week, being told 'There's no work,'

Of course become paupers in turn."

"So," the Devil remarked, "you are hoarding great wealth,  
Depriving these wretches of comfort and health,

By steady devotion to pelf?"  
 "Exactly so. Is it not glorious?" "Indeed,  
 In such an attack on mankind to succeed,  
 Beats all I've accomplished myself.

I have gained, as you know, a great fame  
 for Old Nick;

By robbery and murder, by gambling and  
 trick,

I cause many thousands to fall;  
 By cards, dice, *et cetera*, I've shortened life's  
 span,

While E O and thimble-rig helped on the  
 plan;

But your *needle-rig* beggars them all!

In future we'll evermore row the same boat;  
 Your system is happily framed to promote  
 Shame, misery, madness, and sin."

Embracing him, then, with infernal regard,  
 "When coming my way," he said, giving his  
 card,

"Of course you'll be sure to drop in." LYNX.

#### POETS' LADY CORRESPONDENTS.

BURNS's correspondence has lately been published, and has disappointed the expectations which had been raised of it. We deem it folly to suppose that a poet in the ordinary affairs of life can be different from other men to any remarkable extent. He was not. Some of his epistles to a Mrs McLehose, whom, after the manner of Swift, he chose to adorn with a fanciful name, and styled Clarinda, contain rather happy expressions:—

"I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence with an amiable woman, much less a *gloriously-amiable fine woman*, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have, more than once, had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue! Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but one more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank ever taste.

Clarinda replied to Burns:—

"You say, 'there is no corresponding with an agreeable woman without a mixture of the tender passion.' I believe there is no friendship between people of sentiment and of different sexes, without a *little* softness; but when kept within proper bounds, it only serves to give a higher relish to such intercourse. Love and Friendship are names in every one's mouth; but few, extremely few, understand their meaning. Love (or affection) cannot be genuine if it hesitate a moment to sacrifice every selfish gratification to the happiness of its object. On the contrary, when it would purchase that at the expense of this, it deserves to be styled, not love, but by a name too gross to mention. Therefore, I contend, that an honest man *may* have a friendly prepossession for a woman whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue."

Burns's creed may interest:—

"I am delighted, charming Clarinda, with

your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, 'O my soul, come not thou into their secrets!' I feel myself deeply interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief:—He who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be—not for his sake, in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts—the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:' consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace his offer of 'everlasting life;' otherwise he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not merit heaven, yet it is an absolutely necessary prerequisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by Divine promise, such a man shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life;' hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable exclude themselves from eternal bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great Personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and various means, to bliss at last."

The following lines addressed to him will not convey a very high idea of Clarinda's poetical talents:—

"Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—  
 For Love has been my foe;  
 He bound me in an iron chain!  
 And plunged me deep in woe!  
 But Friendship's pure and lasting joys  
 My heart was formed to prove—  
 The worthy object be of those,  
 But never talk of Love.  
 The 'Hand of Friendship' I accept—  
 May Honour be our guard!  
 Virtue our intercourse direct,  
 Her smiles our dear reward!"

Swift's poetical ladies had in this respect a claim to greater consideration; witness Vanessa's Ode to Spring:—

"Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous spring!  
 Who in thy jocund train dost bring  
 Loves and graces—smiling hours—  
 Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;  
 Come with tints of roseate hue,  
 Nature's faded charms renew!  
 Yet why should I thy presence hail?  
 To me no more the breathing gale  
 Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose  
 With such transcendent beauty blows,  
 As when Cadmus blest the scene,  
 And shared with me those joys serene,  
 When, unperceived, the lambent fire  
 Of friendship kindled new desire;  
 Still listening to his tuneful tongue,  
 The truths which angels might have sung,  
 Divine impressed their gentle sway,  
 And sweetly stole my soul away.  
 My guide, instructor, lover, friend,  
 Dear names, in one idea blend;

Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,  
And waft sweet odours to the skies!"

The other lady, whom the Dean most culpably trifled with, has left behind evidence of still higher powers. This, we think, will be admitted on a perusal of the subjoined verses, which Stella sent to Swift on his birthday, in the year 1721:—

"When men began to call me fair,  
You interposed your timely care,  
You early taught me to despise  
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;  
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,  
Refined my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decayed,  
Invoking art to nature's aid;  
Forsook by her admiring train,  
She spreads her tattered nets in vain;  
Short was her part upon the stage;  
Went smoothly on for half a page;  
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,  
As the scene changed, to change her part:  
She whom no lover could resist,  
Before the second act was hissed.  
Such is the fate of female race,  
With no endowments but a face;  
Before the thirtieth year of life,  
A maid forlorn or hated wife.  
Stella to you, her tutor, owes  
That she has ne'er resembled those;  
Nor was a burden to mankind  
With half her course of years behind.  
You taught how I might youth prolong,  
By knowing what was right or wrong;  
How from my heart to bring supplies  
Of lustre to my fading eyes;  
How soon a beauteous mind repairs  
The loss of changed or falling hairs;  
How wit and virtue from within  
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:  
Your lectures could my fancy fix,  
And I can please at thirty-six. \* \*

Long be the day that gave you birth,  
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;  
Late dying may you cast a shred  
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;  
To bear with dignity my sorrow,  
One day alone—then die to-morrow!"

#### MR BRANDE'S SECOND AND LAST LECTURE BEFORE THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

DEC. 7.—Mr Brande stated that, previous to referring to the subject of clay, he should say a few words on the sulphate and phosphate of lime. Sulphate of lime was composed of sulphuric acid and lime; forty-six parts of sulphuric acid were equivalent to twenty-two of carbonic acid, and these were combined with twenty-eight of lime to form the sulphate of lime. Sulphuric acid is composed of sulphur and oxygen, just as carbonic acid is composed of carbon and oxygen, and sulphuric acid may be made by burning sulphur in oxygen. If we add lime-water to the sulphuric acid so made, a sulphate of lime, which is only slightly soluble in water, falls to the bottom of the vessel. Sulphate of lime is found native in the form of gypsum or common sulphate of lime, of anhydrous selenite, &c. It requires about 350 parts of water to dissolve it; but it is very common in the springs and rivers of this country. It is almost always found in blue clay, occurring in the form of crystals. These crystals are composed of sixty-eight parts dry sulphate of lime, and eighteen parts of water. Sulphate of lime has a great affinity for water. When the water is driven off, it forms what is called

plaster of Paris. It exists in great quantities in the Paris basin; hence this name. When it is present in water, the lime may be detected by means of the oxalate of ammonia, and the sulphuric acid by means of baryta. Sulphate of lime under certain circumstances is decomposed, and some of the oxygen being abstracted, the sulphur unites with hydrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen is formed. Now, it is found that many plants require sulphur; such as horse-radish, mustard, &c., and seem to owe their acrid properties to this principle. The sulphur contained in plants, then, is probably owing to the decomposition of the sulphates in the soil. Sulphate of lime is found in the primary, secondary, and tertiary formations, and is very abundant in the neighbourhood of Paris. The use of sulphate of lime in agriculture is very considerable. In the first place it decomposes organic matter, but whilst it does this it does not attract moisture from the soil. In many plants it is found to exist in very considerable quantities, especially in clover, but it does not exist in wheat and peas. Plants that contain it will not grow well unless it exists in the soil. Some plants require chloride of sodium or common salt; wheat requires phosphate of lime. Before plants can appropriate sulphate of lime it must be rendered soluble. If it already exists in a soil, no good will arise from adding more of it. The beneficial effect of peat-ashes on a soil depends on their containing a considerable quantity of sulphate of lime. It also exists in the ashes of common coal, and the value of these ashes as a top-dressing for grasses may be thus explained. A great question about gypsum has arisen—does it fix ammonia? Carbonate of ammonia, which is a very volatile salt of ammonia, when it comes in contact with sulphate of lime in solution, will decompose it, and the consequence will be a carbonate of lime and a sulphate of ammonia, by which means the ammonia exists as a less volatile salt; but we must not infer from this that if we sprinkle dunghills or the bottom of stables with sulphate of lime, that it will fix the ammonia that is constantly escaping from these places.

The next salt is the phosphate of lime. It is obtained chiefly from the bones of animals, but in order for it to exist there it must have come from the vegetable kingdom, and vegetables must have it from the soil. The ultimate constituents of this salt are phosphorus, oxygen, and calcium. The phosphorus unites with oxygen, just in the same manner as carbon and sulphur, to form an acid, and when burned in oxygen exhibits the same phenomenon. Forty-two parts of lime and thirty-six of phosphoric acid constitute seventy-eight parts of phosphate of lime. The soil gets its phosphate of lime from artificial manures and from the bones of animals. Bones consist of two parts, an earthy part and an animal part. The earthy part may be dissolved away from the animal by a dilute acid, and the animal part may be driven from the earthy by fire. The earthy part is composed almost entirely of phosphate of lime. Even in fossil bones the animal matter remains, as Dr Buckland proved by making soap of some hyæna's bones he had found fossilized. When bones are exposed to the

air they gradually lose their animal matter. It had been found that the fossilized excrement of animals, which geologists call coprolites, contained phosphate of lime, and these would be probably to a certain extent available for the purposes of agriculture; but the lecturer could not go the length of Professor Liebig, in thinking that any amount of these fossilized coprolites that might be found in this country would equal in importance our beds of coal. Guano is a substance that contains phosphate of lime, and it is probably that ingredient which renders it so important as a manure. It exists, to a certain extent, in minerals, and is found in Devonshire associated with the tourmaline. It had also been found in Bohemia, and existed in considerable quantities in Estremadura, in Spain. It is perhaps a question as to whether it would not be worth working in Spain. As was stated in the last lecture,\* it exists in the Brighton chalk. It also exists with phosphate of alumina in clay-slate, and is present in most slates. Liebig states that phosphate of lime is of more importance in wheat crops than any other. Bone manure is always found beneficial for wheat. It has been proposed to add sulphuric acid, or, as it is commonly called, oil of vitriol, to bones, before using them as manure. The advantage of this is that the oil of vitriol not only decomposes the animal matter of the bones, but dissolves the phosphate of lime, and thus enables the plants to take it up more rapidly. There is a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime in hay and oats, and this will account for its existence in the excrement of horses, which is a valuable manure. The substance called clay is composed of various materials, but all the varieties of this substance contain argil or alumina as their basis. If potass is added to a solution of common alum, a white precipitate falls down, which is alumina, the basis of clay. It is the alumina which gives to clay its plasticity and those other properties which it possesses. Alumina has a great affinity for water, and also for organic matter. It fixes, as it were, organic matter. If a vegetable infusion or dirty water be passed through clay, the alumina arrests the impurities, and clean water passes through. Alumina is also soluble in acids and alkalis. In addition to alumina, clay contains varying quantities of silica. Silica is seen pure in nature in rock crystal, the amethyst, common flint, the chalcedony, &c. Sand also is composed of silica. It is insoluble in water, and with one exception in acid. When silica and potassa or soda are heated together they form a substance known as glass. These glasses may be of varying kinds, and some are of a nature to be soluble in water. It is in this way that the old "liquor of flints" was made. When silica is thus in solution it may be thrown down by the addition of an acid in various forms, sometimes as a jelly, and at others as hard as flint, according to the quantity of alkali in which it is dissolved. It is by means of this soluble power of the alkalis over the silica that plants are enabled to take this substance into their interior, and so appropriate it to the building up of their

whole fabric. Besides silica and alumina, clay contains potassa, soda, limestone, and other substances. Silica mostly preponderates in clay; a clay composed of sixty silica and forty alumina is called a strong clay. All the varieties of marl, loam, &c., consist of these ingredients, in varying proportions with other substances. The physical properties of soils are very materially affected by the quantity of clay they contain. Salts of soda and potassa exist in all clays, but are somewhat difficult to detect. A solution of the clay may not produce any effect on test-papers, but if the clay is submitted to the action of the galvanic current the alkali is soon developed. It is often of importance to add lime to clay, as by this means the alkalis of the clay are developed. It is of importance to mix clay and sand together, as the sand furnishes silica, which, being dissolved by the alkalis of the clay, renders the taking up of that body more easy to the plant.

### Miscellaneous.

**SPANISH JUSTICE.**—There is little protection for property in Spain, but for life and limb there is absolutely none at all; and so desperate have the abominations of the system become, that the greatest and most daring criminal is less an object of terror to the people than the officers of justice, as by a horrid irony they are called. The cry of *justicia* freezes the very blood in the veins of every Spaniard, and he instantly flies, if he can, as he would from a wild beast or a cannibal ready to devour him. These fellows are not only inconceivable villains, but they are the allies and protectors of all the other villains in the country; and there is not one who has not qualified for his office by committing innumerable crimes, any one of which ought to have placed him on the ladder with the hangman on his shoulders. All of them originally were robbers or assassins, most probably both.

**MYTHOLOGY.**—Among the Lettish people a species of Trinity was worshipped long before the introduction of Christianity. Their religious services were performed in groves in the open air. Their principal god was named Thorapilla or Thorawivita, who has been sometimes identified with the Thor of the Goths. "He was the thunderer," says Mone, "dwelling in woods, where he had his own sacred tree. He was invisible and had the wings of a bird. He was the first producer, and was imaged by the sun. They fancied that he had quitted their country to withdraw to the island of Oesel, when Christianity gave them a new divinity. They worshipped fire as the representative of the Deity, which they kept continually burning on the tops of the highest mountains. In thunder storms the priests held assemblies to ascertain the will of the Divinity, which they proclaimed to their followers." The

\* See page 394.

habit of sacrificing animals to their divinities continued even as late as the end of the seventeenth century, when it was visited with very severe penalties by Frederick II of Prussia. Meletius has preserved the prayer addressed to Pergubri, the third person of the Trinity, on the day of his festival. "O Pergubri! thou it is that sendest the winter away, and bringest back the beautiful spring. It is thou who coverest the hedges and meadows with green, and claddest the hedges and the forest with leaves."

MADRID.—Madrid, situated on a plateau elevated more than 1,800 feet above the level of the sea, is in the most irritating atmosphere of all Spain. The wind which blows there, during almost the whole year, from the mountains of Guadarrama, and the fatal effects of which have given rise to so many proverbs, penetrates with an insupportable cold which would affect the strongest lungs, if they were not protected by the skirt of the cloak thrown over the shoulder, as well as adds to the influence of the climate in producing the most painful colics in a great number of foreigners. It is this wind, blowing so frequently, and sometimes so violently, from the month of February to the month of May, which incessantly raising in the air columns of nitrous powder, irritates the eyes of a population tainted with scrofulous and various affections, and gives rise to those ophthalmias which, from the reverberation of the sun and the coldness of the nights, are sure in no long time to terminate fatally.

THE GRAND MUTTON MONOPOLY.—In the history of monopolies we find nothing more remarkable than the rise and progress of the Mesta in Spain. This was a company of proprietors of migratory sheep, invested with a variety of exclusive privileges highly prejudicial to the interests of agriculture. Mischievous as it has proved, and ruinously as the evil must have been felt, it has been endured for nearly three centuries, and is still a flourishing nuisance. It originated in an alliance entered into between the mountaineers and residents in the valleys in Spain, about the year 1556, for the purpose of placing their flocks and herds under the protection of the laws; and in process of time it contrived, by dint of constant solicitation and gradual encroachment, not only to monopolize nearly the whole herbage in the kingdom, but to convert the fine arable lands into open pasture; thus destroying the stationary cattle, and aiming a mortal blow at the agriculture and population of the country. This association consists of nobles, persons in power, members of rich monasteries, and ecclesiastical chapters, who, in virtue of their usurped privileges, claim and exercise the

right of feeding their flocks on the pasture lands all over the kingdom, and nearly free of any expense on account of the herbage consumed by them; it has caused these privileges to be digested into a regular code, under the title of *Leyes y Ordenanzas de la Mesta*; it has instituted tribunals of its own for punishing at pleasure any infraction of its pretended rights; and, in point of fact, it enjoys an entire monopoly of the pasturage, and consequently of the wool trade in Spain. The number of migratory sheep belonging to this association in the sixteenth century amounted on an average to about seven millions: at the commencement of the seventeenth it had fallen to two millions and a half; at the end of the same century it rose again to four millions: during the eighteenth century it averaged between four and five millions; and at present it is understood to amount to about five millions, or nearly one half of the whole flocks of Spain!

THE "HOLY ALLIANCE."—We seldom hear the "Holy Alliance" named but in derision or with anger. The treaty so named contains little that could be expected to make it so unpopular. It was concluded between the Emperors of France and Austria and the King of Prussia, after the fall of Bonaparte. The first article presents all that is peculiar in the pact then made, and is as follows: "Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and, considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance; and, regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice." Of the three potentates that subscribed it the Emperor Alexander was understood to have been most anxious to see it carried out, and it was believed he was actuated by the motives expressed in it; and that it was adopted under the influence of a female favourite, who united some laxity of moral practice with an unusual degree of strictness and even enthusiasm in matters of religion.

THE LATE MR LOUDON.—The eminent landscape gardener, botanist, and indefatigable literary labourer, Mr Loudon, who, an invalid for many years, was lately seized with inflammation of the lungs, rapidly declined, and died at his residence in Porchester terrace, Bayswater, on Thursday the 14th inst. In his profession as a landscape gardener Mr Loudon was confessedly the first of his day. But he had many other claims to distinction, for his

studies and pursuits were various, although all linked together. His literary labours were extensive, and displayed extraordinary diligence; in proof of which we may refer to his 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' his 'Cottage and Villa Architecture,' 'Suburban Gardener,' 'Arboretum Britannicum,' and other works. He also projected and brought out the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' and the 'Architectural Magazine,' the first periodical expressly devoted to architectural subjects. Mr Loudon has left a widow and one child, a daughter; the former well known by her literary works. No man ever laboured harder than Mr Loudon, and yet, such is the hazard of literary speculation, he has died poor. The enormous expense of his last great work, the 'Arboretum,' involved him in debts and difficulties, from which efforts were just being made to extricate him, by issuing a new impression, and appealing to the country. His own statement is now before us, and we trust it will be listened to with attention, and that his wife and daughter may yet reap the fruit of such indefatigable labours. "The 'Arboretum Britannicum' was got up between the years 1833 and 1838, and published, on Mr Loudon's own account, at an expense of upwards of 10,000*l.*; the greater part of this sum was owing at the completion of the work, but it sold so well, till the late depression of the book trade in 1841, that only about 2,600*l.* of the debt remained to be paid off at the end of that year. It is, however, necessary to observe that this large proportion of the debt was not paid off solely by the produce of the 'Arboretum,' but in part by the profits of Mr Loudon's other literary property, consisting of thirteen different publications, all of which stand pledged in the hands of his publishers for the debt on the 'Arboretum.' This debt, at the present time, amounts to about 2,400*l.*; and hence, if 350 additional subscribers could be got, the debt would be at once liquidated, the works pledged for it set free, and Mr Loudon or his family would enjoy the whole produce of his literary property." We trust this appeal will not be made in vain.—*Athenæum.*

**THE APHIS, OR PLANT LOUSE.**—The *Aphis lanigera* produces each year ten viviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each generation averages 100 individuals:—

generation	1 aphis produces	
1st	100	hundred.
2nd	10,000	ten thousand.
3rd	1,000,000	one million.
4th	100,000,000	hundred millions.
5th	10,000,000,000	ten billions.
6th	1,000,000,000,000	one trillion.
7th	100,000,000,000,000	hundred trillions.
8th	10,000,000,000,000,000	ten quadrillions.
9th	1,000,000,000,000,000,000	one quintillion.
10th		

Suppose that this brood were to go on un-

molested, and that every aphid occupies the space of the fiftieth part of an inch, the length that the tenth brood would reach, if placed side by side, would occupy a space of 351,662,053,069 billions of miles, a distance incredible, encircling the globe many, many millions of times. Nature, in her all-wise providence to us, has made these insects food for many others, or desolation would soon spread over the earth. This calculation shows the necessity of destroying them wherever they are met with. The common white butterfly lays its eggs in the cabbage garden, and we often see in the plants of that genus that the caterpillars from those eggs entirely destroy the crops, whereas had the butterfly been destroyed the hundreds of caterpillars which is caused from it would not have been produced.

### The Gatherer.

**Linendrapers' Assistants.**—While in several other trades a heartless system has obtained of compelling men to work almost incessantly through the four-and-twenty hours, we learn the linendrapers' assistants, countenanced by some of the leading houses, are about to have a meeting, to shorten the hours of business. It is to be hoped that in this good work they will not stand alone. Every feeling heart must wish them success.

**Memorial of Molière.**—A fountain, with sculptured ornaments, has been placed on the principal façade of the house No. 34 in the Rue Richelieu, a frame of white marble inclosing, in gold letters on a black ground, an inscription, of which the English is as follows:—"In this house died Molière, on the 17th of February, 1673, at the age of 51."

**New Zealand.**—The late collision between the settlers and the natives proves to have been more serious than it was first reported. Nineteen of the English appear to have fallen, and their companions saved themselves by flight.

**Cologne Cathedral.**—The account books of the above venerable pile from the foundation of the building are still preserved at Arnberg. They have lately been examined by Dr Fahne, who finds the following names of architects and dates of their superintendence:—Heinrich Sunere, or Soynere, of Cologne (the first on the list), 1248-54; Gerard von Rile (the name of a village a little below Cologne, on the Rhine), 1254-95; Arnold, 1295-1301; John, his son, 1301-30.

**Important to Growers of Turnips.**—The Duke of Richmond, in one result of a chemical theory applied to the practice of farming, tried on a piece of land of his own the oil of vitriol and bone dust as recommended by Liebig, and the consequence is



that he has obtained a larger crop of turnips at a cheaper rate than he had ever done before. In this case he has spent only 11s. per acre for manure, and has obtained 12 tons of turnips; whereas in former cases he has spent 3*l*. per acre on manures, and had got only 11½ tons of turnips per acre.

*The Theatre Royal, Wellington Street.*—The English Opera House is about to open under the above name, for dramatic representations. Phelps, Anderson, and Keeley are said to have taken it.

*The Coipo.*—M. Ackerman, a surgeon, has lately read a paper (Paris Academy of Sciences) on the little animal called the coipo, of Chili, which many persons have supposed, from the extraordinary accounts given of it, to be fabulous. Several specimens, preserved in spirits of wine, were selected by M. Lereboullet, a professor of natural history at Strasburg. The most extraordinary parts of this animal, which is partly of the beaver species, are its mammiferous organs, placed upon the back. The coipo inhabits small lakes and deep ponds, in which there are reeds. It never leaves its haunts except when the sun or moon is shining. In sunshine it forms a sort of raft of reeds, on which it sleeps for hours.

*One of the Fathers of Mankind.*—In Steddon churchyard, Holderness, the following inscription appears on a tomb:—"Hear lies the body of W. Stenton of Patrinton: he was buried the 28th of May, 1685, aged 79. He had children by his first wife, 38—by his second, 17: own father to 45, and grandfather to 86—great grandfather to 97—great great grandfather to 230—he lived to see of his own generation 251."

*"Conscience Awake."*—Some members of society must be permitted to sacrifice conscience, as ancient heroes devoted their lives, for the public good.—*Montaigne.*

*Old Violins.*—The violins made at Cremona about the year 1660 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. When Barthelemon led the Opera, connoisseurs would go into the gallery to hear the effect of his Cremona violin, which at this distance predominated greatly above all the other instruments, though in the orchestra it was not perceptibly louder than any of the rest.—*Gardiner.*

*A Statesman's Fate.*—The best man on earth, when in a certain office, is under a physical necessity of being the most immoral. A Secretary of State may be saved as a private person, but go to hell as an officer of the Crown.—*Life of the Right Hon. James Oswald.*

*Honesty not the best Policy.*—The best temperature is, to have openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimula-

tion in reasonable use, and a power to feign if there be no remedy.—*Lord Bacon.*

*Buildings in Spain.*—From the Bidassoa as far as Cadiz one does not find a single handsome domain. If in Andalusia they build some place of shelter in the midst of the fields (*cortijo*), it does not deserve the name of a house; its walls, white-washed to reflect the heat of a burning sun, are not sheltered by a single tree, nor is there the least verdure which can afford a shade. From this we may judge what will be done for fields under tillage by those who show themselves so careless about what is immediately under their eyes.—*Faure.*

*Ancient Rome.*—The landed property was thus divided at the commencement of the republic. The patricians had their original property in and about the city; they had all the public lands at a rent of a tenth of the produce, subject to no other imposition; plebeians had their lots of seven jugera in property, but subject to taxes.

*Glory in Defeat.*—The fathers and brothers of the thousand who had died like free men at Charonea, joyfully testified in the sepulchral inscription that they did not repent their doom,—the gods disposed the event, the resolve was the fame of man,—and decreed a golden crown to the orator by whose advice they had unsuccessfully tried the fate of arms.

*Succession to the English Throne.*—Since the Norman Conquest fourteen English sovereigns have been succeeded by sons, one by a son-in-law and daughter, two by grandsons, four by brothers, three by sisters, one by a nephew, one by a niece, one by an uncle, and six by cousins; and there were five Kings between Elizabeth and Anne, and the same number between Anne and Victoria.

*The Cheats' Outcry.*—"Tis y<sup>e</sup> common method of all counterfeits in wit, as well as in physic, to begin with warning us of others' cheats, in order to make y<sup>e</sup> more way for their own."—*Pope.*

*Crocodiles harmless.*—It is supposed that crocodiles, like toads, have been cruelly libelled. The assertion that they cry like a child is disbelieved. Stories of crocodiles are from Egypt; and the Egyptian crocodile entraps nobody. The French army were in the water every day, and there was no instance of a soldier being molested by a crocodile.

*Giardini.*—When the Prince of Wales laid before Giardini, at Carlton House, the first set of Pleyell's quartetts (then just published), Giardini shut the book and declared they were too difficult for any person to perform.

*Colour of Names.*—A lady declared that in childhood she always strongly attached the idea of colour to names, and could never think of Anne but as pink, Elizabeth purple, and Lucy light blue. Charles she

thought was red, Thomas blue, William yellowish green, Edward brown, Francis the colour of red hair, and Peter pepper-and-salt. — *Westminster Review*.

*Singing.*—There will be a new style, which shall give to serious singing exactly what constituted the difference between the tragedy of Siddons or of Talma, and the tragedy which occupied the place before those suns had risen. Trills too, and bravuras, will be shelved with Mandane's hoop and Alexander's wig; the coming age will as lief see a performer try how long he can hold his head in a pail of water, as either. — *Westminster Review*.

*Duty of a Minister.*—Frankness in a minister is not only a virtue, it is a duty to others: the unfounded hopes and fears which he excites are so many ruinous snares for the weak, the honourable, and the confiding: the private man who perverts truth is but a cheat; a falsifying Secretary of State adds malignity to his lies. — *Jony*.

*Musical Failures.*—All attempts at improving music by the gross imitation of material objects have been failures; from the piping nightingale of the stage to the idea of Napoleon's band-master of a discharge of cannon for a military fortissimo. — *Westminster Review*.

*A Difficult Task.*—Of the various executive duties, no one excites more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understandings sufficient for their stations. No duty, at the same time, is more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is, of necessity, limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to other information, which, from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect. — *President Jefferson*.

*No Bribery in Ancient Days.*—The statute of 12 Richard II prohibits the ministers of the crown from making any public officer whatever "for gift or brokerage, favour or affection," and also disqualifies from office all who should pursue appointments privately or openly.

*Public Appointments.*—There is preserved amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum a paper written by Sir Julius Caesar. In this document, dated 1604, the rule respecting public appointments is expressed as follows: "Offices vacant are to be referred to the chief officer, under whom the party to be preferred must serve; viz. the Lord Chancellor for the Chancery, the Lord Treasurer for the Exchequer, the Lord Admiral for the Admiralty, and so forth in the rest, to examine and certify the sufficiency of the suitors for the places sued for, that unfit men may not be preferred to places of service."

*Musical Time.*—It has been observed that the walking pace of a man is in common time and that armies are always moved in this measure. [Nature decreed it when she made man's two legs of the same length. A cripple moves in six-eight time.] But in Venice, where the people are constantly moving upon the water, the motion of the boat [or rather the sound of the oars, which say distinctly "one, two, three," with a different tone and accent upon each] suggests the flowing ease of triple time, in which all their celebrated airs and barcarolles are written. — *Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

*Torture in Prussia.*—Within the last two years a wretched man was sentenced to die on the rack in the dominions of the King of Prussia, and the unhappy being suffered the dreadful punishment awarded, and was ten minutes dying! This statement, which appeared in the public papers uncontradicted, is strangely at variance with what was formerly understood of the "*Code Frederique*." Dr Johnson, speaking of its royal author, says, "he declares himself with great ardour against the use of torture, and by some misinformation charges the English that they still retain it."

*Voltaire at Tierney.*—The philosopher exhibited a kind of monarchial spirit. At dinner time he never came in with the rest of the company, but would delay about any trifle; and on entrance would sometimes recal all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table by placing or altering them.

*Antiquity of the Trombone.*—The trombone, or sackbut, has the advantage of being the only instrument besides the voice and violin kind, which has perfect command over its intonation, and is capable of executing correct harmony in any succession of keys. For this reason, it may be assumed that the sackbut will some day enact a higher role than at present. The instruments in actual use have been fashioned after a specimen found in Herculaneum and presented by the King of Naples to George III. The sackbut, besides being known to the translators of the bible, is lively portrayed in Mersennus; which is all anterior to George III.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable communications, and answers to correspondents, are of necessity postponed.

We have to apologize to Mr Andrews. His article intended for insertion a fortnight ago, is, through some accident, missing. A new search will be made for it.

The professor of sleight of hand who complains that "Othello's occupation's gone," because a few scientific deceptions have appeared in THE MIRROR, is, it is to be feared, "no conjuror."

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